

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,  
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.

*Philip.* Because he hath a half-face like my father:  
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,  
A halfe-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a yeere?

*Rob.* My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,  
Your brother did imploy my father much.

*Phil.* Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,  
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie  
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor

To treat of high affaires touching that time:

Th'advantage of his absence tooke the King,

And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;

Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:

But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores

Betweene my father, and my mother lay,

As I haue heard my father speake himselfe

When this same lusty gentleman was got:

Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and tooke it on his death

That this my mothers sonne was none of his;

And if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:

Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,

My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

*K. John.* Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,

Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:

And if she did play false, the fault was hers,

Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother

Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,

Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,

Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept

This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:

Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,

My brother might not claime him, nor your father

Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,

My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,

Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.

*Rob.* Shall then my fathers Will be of no force,

To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

*Phil.* Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,

Then was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,

And like thy brother to enioy thy land:

Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

*Bast.* Madam, and if my brother had my shape

And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,

And if my legs were two such riding rods,

My armes, such eele-skins stuf't, my face so thin,

That in mine care I durst not sticke a rofe,

Left men should say, looke where three farthings goes,

And to his shape were heyre to all this land,

Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,

I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:

It would not be sir nobbe in any case.

*Elinor.* I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chances

Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,

Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere:

Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

*Elinor.* Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our Country manners giue our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Bast.* Philip my Liege, so is my name begun.

*Philip.* good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.

*K. John.* From henceforth beare his name

Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,

Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

*Bast.* Brother by th' mothers side, giue me your hand,

My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:

Now blessed be the houre by night or day

When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:

I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

*Bast.* Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;

Something about a little from the right,

In at the window, or else ore the hatch:

Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,

And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:

Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,

And I am I, how ere I was begot.

*K. John.* Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,

A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:

Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed

For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

*Bast.* Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,

For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

*Exeunt all but Bastard.*

*Bast.* A foot of Honor better then I was,

But many a many foot of Land the worse,

Well, now can I make any *Joane* a Lady,

Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,

And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;

For new made honor doth forget mens names:

'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable

For your conuersion, now your traueler,

Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,

And when my knightly stomacke is fuffis'd,

Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize

My pick'd man of Countries: my deare sir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,

I shall beseech you; that is question now,

And then comes answer like an *Abley booke*:

O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,

At your employment, at your seruice sir:

No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,

And so ere answer knowes what question would,

Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,

And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,

The Perennian and the riuer *Poe*,

It drawes toward supper in conclusion so,

But this is worshipfull society,

And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;

For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smooke of obseruation,

And so am I whether I smacke or no:

And not alone in habit and deuice,

Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliuer

Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,

Which though I will not practice to deceiue,

Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;

For it shall shew the footsteps of my rising:

But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

*What?*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.*

*Lewis.* Before *Angiers* well met braue *Austria*,

*Arthur* that great fore-runner of thy blood,

*Richard* that rob'd the Lion of his heart,

And fought the holy Warres in *Palestine*,

By this braue Duke came early to his graue:

And for amends to his posteritie,

At our importance hether is he come,

To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,

And to rebuke the vsurpation

Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, English *John*;

Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.

*Arth.* God shall forgieue you *Cordelions* death

The rather, that you giue his off-spring life,

Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:

I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,

But with a heart full of vnstained loue,

Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.

*Lewis.* A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

*Aust.* Vpon thy cheek lay I this zelous kisse,

As scale to this indenture of my loue:

That to my home I will no more returne

Till *Angiers*, and the right thou hast in *France*,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,

And coopes from other lands her Islanders,

Euen till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,

That Water-walled *Bulwarke*, still secure

And confident from forreine purposes,

Euen till that vtmost corner of the West

Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy

Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

*Const.* O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,

Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength,

To make a more requitall to your loue.

*Aust.* The peace of heauen is theirs y lift their swords

In such a iust and charitable warre.

*King.* Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent

Against the browes of this resisting towne,

Call for our cheefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best aduantages:

Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones;

Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens blood,

But we will make it subiect to this boy.

*Con.* Stay for an answer to your Embassie,

Left vnaduis'd you staine your swords with blood,

My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring

That right in peace which heere we vige in warre,

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,

That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.

*Enter Chattilion.*

*King.* A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wist

Our Messenger *Chattilion* is arriu'd,

What *England* saies, say breefely gentle Lord,

We coldly pause for thee, *Chattilion* speake,

*Chat.* Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,

And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:

*England* impatient of your iust demands,

Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduerse windes

Whose